SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck shooting visit with his friend, Quaity, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the modern appearance in the road of a burty lithola. He declares he is Behart Lai Chatterit. The appointed mentiquese of the Bell, addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a paymerious little browns box. The Token, into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name. He in turn addresses her as Mas Sephie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplematic service in India and visiting the Quaina. Several rights later the Quain home is birglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain go bunting on an island and become less and Amber is left marooned. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its owngant an old friend parned Rutton, whom he hast met la England, and we appears to be in hiding. When Miss Farrell is mentioned Rutton is strangely agitated. Chattery appears and summons Button to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutton selves a revolver and dishess after Chattery. He returns wildly excited, says he has killed the Hindu, takes poison, and when dying asks Amber to go to India on a mysterious errant. Amber decides to leave at once for India. On the way he sends a letter to Mr. Labertouche, a solution friend in Calcutta, by a quicker route. Upon arriving he finds a note awaiting him. It directs Amber to meet his friend at a certain place. The latter tells him he knows his mission is to get Miss Farrell out of the caustry. Amber attempts to dispose of the Token to a money-lender is mistaken for Rutton and hardy escapes being mobbed. A message from Labertouche causes him to start for Dargeline; on the way he meets Miss Farrell, and at their journey's end asks her to become his wife. A Hindu conducts Amber to a secret place, and late the presence of a basuifful woman who mistakes him for Rutton. Later Amber is drugged. The Hindus plot rebellion.

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued). of meeting me?"

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued).

"Hazoor," the native quavered in fright, "it was cold upon the water and you kept me waiting overlong. I landed, seeking shelter from the wind. If your talk was not for mine ears, remember that you used a tongue I dld not know."

"So you were listening!" Amber calmed himself, "Never mind, Where's your boat?"

"I thought to hide it in the rushes. If the hazoor will be patient for a little moment . . ." The native dropped down from the bund and disappeared into the reedy tangle of the lake shore. A minute or so later Amber saw the boat shoot out from the shore and swing in a long, graceful curve to the steps of the bund.

"Make haste," he ordered as he have kept you waiting, as you say, then I am late."

"Nay, there is time to spare." Dulla Dad spun the boat round and away. "I did but think to anticipate your impatience, knowing that you would assuredly come."

"Ah, you knew that, Dulla Dad?

How did you know?" "I, hazoor? Who am I to know Amber, realizing that he had invited this insolence, was fair enough not to resent it, and held his peace until he could no longer be blind to the fact that the native was shaping a course almost exactly away from the Raj Mahal. "What treachery is this, dog?" he demanded. "This is not the way-"

"Be not mistrustful of your slave, hazoor," whined the native. "I do the bidding of those before whose will I am as a leaf in the wind. It is an order that I land you on the bund of the royal summer pavilion, by the northern shore of the lake. There will you find one waiting for you, my lord."

He landed on the steps of the bund and waited for Dulla Dad to join him; but when, hearing a splash of the paddie, he looked round, it was to find that the native had already put a considerable distance between himself and the shore. Amber called after him angrily, and Dulla Dad rested upon his paddle.

"Nay, heaven-born!" he replied. "Here doth my responsibility end. Another will presently appear to be your guide. Go you up to the jungly path leading from the bund."

The Virginian lifted his shoulders indifferently, and ascended to discover a wide footpath running inland between dark walls of shrubbery, but quite deserted. He stopped with a whistle of vexation, peering to right and left. "What the deuce!" he said "Is this another of their confounded tricks?"

A low and marvelously sweet laugh sounded at his elbow, and he turned with a start and a flutter of his pulses. "Naraini!" he cried.

Tell me not thou art disappointed, O my king!" she said, placing a soft hand firmly upon his arm. "Didst thou hope to meet another here!"

"Nay, how should I expect thee?" His voice was gentle though he steeled his heart against her fascinations; for now he had use for her. "Had Dulla Dad conveyed me to the palace, then I should have remembered thy promise to ride with me to Kathiapur. But, being brought to this

"Then thou didst wish to ride with me?" She nodded approval and satisfaction. "That is altogether as I would have it be, Lord of my Heart. By this have I proven thee, for thou hast consented to approach the Gateway, not a kite. . . altogether because the Voice hath

Nay, but tell me, King of my Soul, did it not leap a little at the thought

With a quick gesture she threw her vell saids and lifted her incomparably fair face to his, and he was conscious gerously. that he trembled a little, and that his voice shook as he answered evasively: "Thou shouldst know, Ranse,"

"Thou wilt not draw back in the end?" Her arms clipped him softly about the neck and drew his head down so that her breath was fragrant in his face, her lips a sweet peril heneath his own. "Thou wilt brave whatever may be prepared for thy testing, for the sake of Naraini, who awaits thee beyond the Gateway. O my Beloved "

"I shall not be found wanting." Lithe as a snake, she slipped from his arms. "Nay, I trust thee not!" she laughed, a quiver of tenderness in her merriment. "Let my lips be mine alone until thou hast proven thyself worthy of them." She raised her roice, calling: "Ohe, Runjit Singh!"

The cry rang beli-clear in the stillness, and its silver echo had not d'ed before it was answered by one who stepped out of the black shadow of a spreading banian, some distance away, and came toward them, leading three horses. As the moonlight fell upon him, Amber recognized the uniform the man wore as that of the imperial household guard of Khandawar, while the horses seemed to be stallions he had seen in the palace yard, with another but little their inferior in mettle or beauty.

"Now," announced the woman in tones of deep contentment, "we will ride!

She turned to Amber, who took her up in his arms and set her in the saddle of one of the stallions.

The sowar surrendered to Amber the reins of the other stallion and stepped hastily aside. The Virginian took the saddle with a flying leap, and a thought later was digging his knees into the brute's sleek flanks and saw ing on the bits, while the path flowed beneath him, dappled with moonlight and shadow, like a ribbon of graygreen silk, and trees and shrubbery strenked back on either hand in a rush of melting blacks and grays.

Swerving acutely, the path ran into jumped in and took his place. "If I the dusty high road. Amber heard a rush of hoofs behind him, and then slowly the gauze-wrapped figure of the queen drew alongside.

"Maro! Let him run, my king! The way is not far for such as he. Have no fear lest he tire!"

But Amber set his teeth and wrought with the reins until his mount comprehended the fact that he had met a master and, moderating his . . Nay, this have I first furious burst of speed, settled heard"-he paused cunningly: "'You down into a league-devouring stride, shall find but one way to Kathiapur." | crest low, limbs gathering and stretching, with the elegant precision of clockwork. His rider, regaining his poise, found time to look about him and began to enjoy, for all his cares, this wild race through the blue-white night.

They circled finally a great, round, grassless hillside, and pulled rein in the notch of a gigantic V formed by two long, prow-like spurs running out upon a plain whose sole, vague boundary was the vast arc of the horizon.

Before them loomed dead Kathlapur, an island of stone girdled by the shallow silver river. Like the rugged reins to the sowar, who had dismount ter of the vanishing bridge must have pedestal of some mammoth column, its cliffs rose sheer threescore feet from feet. the water's edge to the foot of the outermost of its triple walls. From the notch in the hills a great stone causeway climbed with a long and easy grade to the level of the first great gate, spanning the chasm over tensely. the river by means of a crazy wooden bridge.

A gasp from the woman and an oath from the sowar startled Amber out of somber apprehensions into which he had been plunged by contemplation of this impregnable fortress of desolation. Gone was his lust for peril, gone his high, heedless joy of adventure, gone the intoxication which had been his who had drunk deep of the cup of romance; there remained into the plain. When he looked again, only the knowledge that he, alone and single-handed, was to pit his wits against the invisible and mighty forces that lurked in hiding within had opened to receive them. He those walls, to seem to submit to rubbed his eyes, stared and gave it their designs and so find his way to the woman of his love, tear her from the grasp of the unseen, and with her

escape. Naraini had, indeed, no need to cry aloud or clutch his hand in order to apprise him that the Eye was vigilant. He himself had seen it break forth, a lurid star of emerald light suspended

high above the dark heart of the city. Slowly, while they watched the star descended, foot by foot, dropping until the topmost pinnacle of a hidden temple semed to support it; and there it rested, throbbing with light, now bright, now dull.

Amber shook himself impatiently. "Silly charlantry!" he muttered, irritated by his own susceptibility to its there were pitfalls to be avoided. sinister suggestion. . . "I'd like to know how they manage it, though: the light itself's comprehensible enough, but their control of it. . . . If there were enough wind, I'd suspect

"Thou art not dismayed, my king?"

power thou shalt shortly be?"

fully. "In whose power I shall short ber crumbled to dust beneath his feet. . . Well, of course!"

not mind to withdraw thy hand?" rafat."

turn 'most any man's head, my dear," pret the words as she pleased.

simulated with her never-failing art. down on a boulder to think it over. "Then bid me farewell, O my soul, and go!"

"Up there?" he inquired, lifting his brows. "Aye, up the causeway and over the

bridge, into the city of death." 'Alone?' "Ave. alone and afoot, my king."

"Pleasant prospect, thanks." Amher whistled, a triffed dashed. "And then, when I get up there-? "One will meet thee. Go with him,

fearing naught." "And what will you do, meanwhile?" Gateway, my lord, Naraini will be at its end. Finally he considered that walting for thee."

"Very well." Amber threw a leg of some unknown nature, probably ex-

"I like not that tone, nor yet that by an airy and well-ventilated lattice of the years. The woman shivered. "Even work of boards and timbers, none of as the Kye seeth, my lord, so doth which seemed to the wary eye any too siert ghosts rose from the underthe Ear hear. Is it meet and wise to sound Amber selected the most solid growth and scurried sliently thence; speak with levity of that in whose looking of the lot and gingerly ad- a circumstance which made him very vanced a pace or two along it. With unhappy. "Perhaps not," he admitted, thought a soft crackling a portion of the tim-He retreated heatily to the causeway, nothing but the jackale, an owl "And thou wilt go on? Thou art and swore, and noticed that the Eye two, several thousand buts and a was watching him with malevolent in crawling thing which had jurched "Not so that you'd notice it, No terest, and swore some more. Entirely on impulse he heaved a bit of distance away, giving an admirable "For the sake of the reward Na- rock, possibly twenty pounds in imitation of a badly wounded man raini offers thee?" she persisted dan- weight, to the middle of the structure, pulling himself over the ground, and There followed a splintering crash making strange guttural noises-Am-"I don't mind telling you that you'd and the contrantion dissolved like a ber concluded to wait for the guide magic lantern effect, leaving a solitary Naraini had promised him. He turned he said, cheerfully, and let her inter- beam about a fact in width and six naide and seated himself upon the or eight inches thick, spanning a edge of a broken sandstone temb The She was not pleased, for her se flight of twenty and a drop of sixty effence was appalling and for relief quaintance with English was more in- feet. The river received the rubbish he took refuge in cheap irreverence. timate than she had chosen to admit; with several auccessive spinshes, dis "Home," he observed, aloud, "never but if she felt any chagrin she dis- thucky disconcerting, and Amber sat was like thin."

> "Clever invention," he mused; "one'd think that, after taking all this of dislodged rubbish. Amber found trouble to got me here, they'd changed himself unexpectedly in the middle of their minds about wanting me. I've the street and, without stopping to dea section to change prine."

There seemed to be no possibility of turning back at that stage, however. Kuttarpur was rather far away, and, moreover, he doubted if he would be permitted to return. Having come Sonhia Farrell was on the other side of that Swordwide bridge, and such being the case, cross it he would "When thou shalt have passed the though he were to find the next world he was presently to undergo an ordeal

waln

Came Toward Them Leading Three Horses.

over the crupper, handed the stallion's | tremely unpleasant, and that this mated and drawn near and dropped to his

Naraini nodded to the sowar, who

led the animal away. When he was out of earshot the woman leaned from the saddle, her glorious eyes to Amber's. "My king!" she breathed in-But the thought of Sophia Farrell

and what she might be suffering at that very moment was uppermostobtruded itself like a wall between himself and the woman.

"Goodnight, my dear," he said amia bly; and, turning, made off toward the

foot of the causeway. When he had gained it, he looked back to see her riding off at a wide angle from the causeway, heading out some two or three minutes later. Naraini, the sowar, and the horses had vanished as completely as if the earth

So he was alone! . . . With a shrug, he plodded on.

up.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Hooded Death.

The causeway down which the horsemen of forgotten kings of Khandawar had clattered forth to war, in its age-old desuctude had come to decay. Between its great paving blocks grass sprouted, and here and there creepers and even trees had taken root and in the slow immutable process of their growth had displaced considerable masses of stone; so that "I'd like Otherwise a litter of rubble made the walking anything but good. Amber picked his way with caution, grumb-

After some three-quarters of an hour of hard climbing he came to the wooden bridge, and halted, surveying vealed to him in the awril beauty of summoned thee, but likewise, I think, because thine own heart urged thee. It as he could have wished, and, "Not on time a substantial but movable A wide and stately avanue stratched

been arranged in order to put him in a properly subdued and tractable frame of mind.

He got up and tested the remaining girder with circumspection and incredulity; but it semed firm enough, solidly embedded in the stonework of the causeway and immovable at the city end. So he straddled it and, averting his eyes from the scenery beneath him, hitched ingloriously across, collecting splinters and a very distinct impression that, as a vocation, knight-errantry was not without its drawbacks.

When again he stood on his feet he was in the shadow of the outer gateway, the curtain of the second wall confronting him.

Casting about, he discovered the second gateway at some distance to the left, and started toward it, forcing a way through a tangle of scrubby undergrowth, weeds and thorny acacia, but had taken few steps ere a heavy splash in the river below brought him up standing, with a thumping heart. After an irresolute moment he turned back to see for himself, and found his apprehension only too well grounded; the awordwide bridge was gone, displaced by an agency which had been prompt to seek cover-though he confessed himself unabje to suggest where that cover had been found.

He gave it up, considering that it were futile to badger his wits for the how and the wherefore. The important fact remained that he was a prisoner in dead Kathiapur, his retreat eut off, and- Here he made a second discovery, infinitely more shocking: his pistol was gone.

Turning back at length, he made his way to the second gateway and from it to the third, under the lewdly sculptured arch of which he stopped and gasped, forgetting as for the first vealed to him in the awful beauty of

I, Naraint," he returned in English; & structure, strong enough to sustain a away from the portals, between rows tengue which seemed somehow better troop of warriors but light enough to of dwellings, palaces of marble and suited for service in combating the co- be easily drawn up, had extended stone, tembstones and mausoleums oterio influences at work upon his across the chasm, rendering the city with meaner houses of sun-dried brick "What's the sext turn on the impregnable from capture by assault, and rubble, roofless all and disinte-If so, it had long since been replaced grating in the slow, terrible process

As Amber moved forward small,

The way was difficult and Amber tired. After a while, having seen along in the shadow of a wall some

A heart-rending sigh from the tomb behind him was followed by a rattle bate the method of his getting there with such unprecedented rapidity. looked back hopefully to the tomb. At the same moment a black shrouded fleure event out of it and moved a few tuces down the street, then passed thus far, he must go on. Moreover, and beckoned him with a goint arm.

"I wish," said Amber, earnestly, "I had that gun."

The figure was apparently that of a native swathed in black from his head to his heels and seemed the more strikingly peculiar in view of the fact that, as far as Amber could deternine, he had neither eyes nor features although his head was without any sort of covering. He guiped over the proposition for an instant, then stepped forward.

Evidently my appointed elegrone," he considered. "Unquestionably this ghost-dante is excellently stage managed. . . Though of course I had

to pick out that particular tomb." He followed in the wake of the figare, which sped on with a singular motion, something between a walk and a glide, conscious that his ecuanimity had been restored rather than shaken by the incident.

He held on in pursuit of the black shadow, passing forsaken temples and lordly pleasure houses, all marble tracery and fretwork, standing apart in what had once been noble gardens, sunken tanks all weed grown and rank with slime, humbler dooryards and cots on whose hearthstones the fires for centuries had been cold-his destination evidently the temple of the unspeakable Eve.

As they drew nearer the leading shadow forsock the shade of the walls which he seemed to favor, sweeping hastily across a plaza white with moonglare and without pause on into the black, gaping hole beyond the marble arch.

Here for the first time Amber hung back, stopping a score of feet from the door, his nerves a jangle. He did not falter in his purpose; he was going to enter the inky portal, but would be ever leave it? And the world was sweet to him.

He took firm hold of his reason and went on across the dark threshold, took three uncertain strides into the limitless unknown, and pulled up short, hearing nothing, unable to see a yard before him. Then with a terrific crash like a thunder-clap the great doors swung to behind him. He whirled about with a stifled cry, conscious of a mad desire to find the doors again, took a step or two toward them, paused to wonder if he were moving in the right direction, moved a little to the left, half turned and was lost. Reverberating, the echoes of the crash rolled far away until they were no more than as a whisper adrift in the silence, until that was gone.

Digging his nails into his palms, he waited; and in the suspense of dread began to count the seconds.

One minute . . two . . three four He shifted his weight from one foot

to the other. . . . Seven . He passed a hand across his face

and brought it away, wet with perspiration. . . . Nine . .

In some remote spot a bell began to toll; at first slowly-clang! . . clang! clang!-then more quickly, until the roar of its sonorous. gong-like tones seemed to fill all the world and to set it a-tremble. Then, insensibly, the tempo became more sedate, the first clamor of it moderated, and Amber abruptly was alive to the fact that the bell was speaking-that its voice, deep, clear, sound, metallic, was rolling forth again and again a question couched in the purest Sans-

"Who is there? . . Who is there? . . . Who is there? . .

The hair lifted on his scalp and he swallowed hard in the effort to answer; but the lie stuck in his throat; he was not Rutton and . . . and it is very hard to lie effectively when you stand in stark darkness with a mouth dry as dust and your hair stirring at the roots because of the intensely impersonal and aloof accents of an inhuman beli-voice, tolling away out of nowhere.

"Who is there?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wants Longer Nights. "Have you joined the More Daylight

club?" he saked.
"I should say not. It's all I can do now to get home before daylight," replied the old rounder.-Detroit Free



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LOT WAS IMPROVED.



Fred-I love you a whole lot. Tess-Frank told me yesterday that he loved me a whole house and lot.

Forebodings. Webster had made his great speech in reply to Hayne.

"Some day, I suppose," he mused, "it will devolve upon Hennery Cabot Lodge or Winthrop Crane to squeich Ben Tillman, and I'm not so blamed sure they can do it!"

Lingering. "Did you have a trial before you

hanged that horse thief?" "We sure did," replied Plute Pete. "He was a mighty bad man, and we wanted to give him all the unpleasant suspense possible."

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